

The Times' Daily Short Story.

THE INEXPEDIENCY OF AN UNTRUTH

(Original.)

The difficulty of establishing a truth is at times so great that we are often tempted to produce the effect of a truth by establishing an untruth. This is especially so in the law. I once had a client who gave me a story of why he killed a man so unreasonable that, though I believed it, I saw no hope of convincing twelve other men in the jury box of it. I therefore put in a plea of my own invention. I erred in doing so, and I have never repeated the device.

Edward Barton, my client, a stoker on a railway, was on trial for murdering the engineer of his train while the train was in motion. It was considerably late of its time when it pulled up at a station within twenty feet of another train standing on the same track. The engineer was lying unconscious in the cab with a fractured skull. He never regained consciousness and died in a few hours. Barton's sweetheart was the only person who saw the murder and was obliged reluctantly to testify against him. She was accused when his train passed the house in which she lived, near the track, to stand in the doorway and throw him a kiss. On the day of the murder, hearing the train coming, she ran to the door in time to see the train dash past at a much greater speed than usual. The engineer stood with his hand on the throttle, and Barton, instead of looking out for her, stood behind the engineer and dealt him a blow with a huge iron poker. The girl fainted and the train dashed on.

I exercised all my ingenuity in concocting a scheme of defense, which is not necessary to my story, so I do not give it here. I could not very well put my client on the stand, for he could only tell a story far different from the one I was attempting to prove. He was convicted. The day he was sentenced to be hanged I told him to tell his story as he had told it to me.

"You ask me, judge, why sentence should not be passed upon me. I killed the engineer, and I did it for a good reason. Before we started on the run I noticed that he was acting strangely. We had no sooner got under way than he asked me for more coal. There was plenty in the furnace, and I told him so. He turned upon me like a fury and ordered me to do as he had bidden. I put in more coal, and he put on more speed. I begged him to slow up a little, but he paid no attention to me. Our train was a through train and made no stop for an hour. Meanwhile we were getting ahead of our time and liable to meet other trains. The engineer was a big, strong man, and it would have been impossi-

ble for me to get him away from the throttle. I was in an agony of doubt and fear. The man had gone mad. "Noticing that we were approaching a station, I looked through the cab window and saw but half a mile ahead a train standing dead on the same track as we were on. The lives of its passengers as well as those on our own train depended on me. I thought that the safety of the many was of more importance than the life of one. I did not have time to think that if I killed the engineer I would likely be hanged for murder. I did not know that I was passing the home of my sweetheart. There was no thought in my brain except to prevent a slaughter. I stepped behind the engineer and brought my poker down on his skull. I did not think of stunning him. I would take no chances. I intended to kill him. He fell like a log. I threw back the reverse lever and whistled down brakes, all within a few seconds. The train stopped within two lengths, and a terrible wreck was averted. I glory in the death I am about to die. I give my life for many others."

The moment he began to speak I saw my error in not relying upon the truth. Not only his words but his manner were convincing. When he had told me his story he told it haltingly. When he told it to the judge he told it as a martyr. The effect was absolutely convincing. The prisoner was remanded, and the judge called me to him for consultation. After discussing a new trial and other plans we decided upon attempting to secure a pardon. The judge wrote a strong recommendation to that effect, and it was not long before the prisoner went forth a free man.

Barton married his sweetheart, who had put me to shame by telling the truth while I had relied on a lie. A number of persons who were saved made up a purse for a wedding present amounting to several thousand dollars and a gold watch, on the case of which was an inscription telling how he had saved the donors from death or mutilation. A committee made the presentation in the house from which the groom's sweetheart had seen the sacrifice of the engineer.

But this was a bagatelle compared with what was done by the officers of the railway company. Barton was first made conductor of a freight train, then of a passenger train, then train dispatcher, then division superintendent. He is now general passenger agent of one of the largest railroads in the country.

I do not intend to lay down a rule as to the expediency of absolute truth in all cases. If Barton had told his story to the jury as he told it to me, dreading the consequences of his position, not more than half of them would have believed him. It was his rising to the consciousness of martyrdom that turned a hangman's noose into a prosperous career. HAROLD OTIS.

Why the Latin Races Fail.

The Frenchman of the middle class sacrifices everything in order to obtain for his children some official position or other, a mean one, perhaps, but a sure one, leading after thirty years of penury to a pension verging on destitution. This is one aspect of the decay of the

French race. It is easy to understand that two races are not evenly armed for the struggle for life if one be made up of aspirants to official positions and the other of individuals possessing initiative, daring and energy. For this reason do Latin races decline, while the Anglo-Saxon races do grow and multiply. —The Paris Siecle.

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says. We have no secrets. We publish the formulas of all our preparations. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Quaker RANGES

Mrs. Sarah Heaney's Quaker Range Cost Her Less Than a Cent a Day For 21 Years.

A. S. Cook Company,
Woonsocket, R. I.

Gentlemen—I purchased my Quaker range in June, 1885, of Joseph Proulx, this city. Its number is 8-20 and it is in perfect condition. During the twenty-one years I have had it, it has had but two new grates and has been lined three times. It is a first class baker, is very economical on fuel, and has given me perfect satisfaction.

I would not change it for any other make and as far as my work is concerned, it is as good as a new one.

121 Old Street.

Woonsocket, R. I., Aug. 30, 1906.

Respectfully,
Mrs. Sarah Heaney.

We want to tell you the history of Mrs. Heaney's range, for it is typical of the good service given by the Quaker Ranges all over New England.

In June 1885, Mrs. Heaney bought a Quaker Range for \$48.00 and in twenty-one years of constant use it has only cost her \$3.50 for grates and linings. This makes her total cost for twenty-one years, \$51.50—an average of only \$2.45 a year—less than 5c a week and less than one cent a day.

This is pretty cheap for a first class range, isn't it?—but there's more of the story to follow. At the end of twenty-one years, Mrs. Heaney's range was in such good condition, that it was worth \$25.00 and in addition to that she was the winner in one of our recent "Oldest Quaker Range Contests"—receiving in exchange for her old range, a new Quaker worth \$75.00.

Therefore after using a Quaker Range for twenty-one years, Mrs. Heaney is now the owner of a brand new Quaker—the finest in the line—and is actually \$24.50 to the good.

C. W. Averill & Company, 18 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

R. T. Felix Goussard's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.



"Goussard's Cream" is the best I have ever used. It is sold by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

TERM. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Grand Street, New York.

SCOTLAND'S MEMORIAL

To Symbolize The Pride of Scotland Completed at last

In 1819 Scotland planned to erect a national monument on Calton hill, Edinburgh. In the first place, it was to celebrate the overthrow of Napoleon, but, beyond that, it was to symbolize "the pride of Scotland."

King George laid the corner stone in 1822. But after the erection of 12 columns—the eight of the front of the proposed building and two on each side the funds gave out and ever since this fragment of a magnificent building has stood as a memorial to "the pride and poverty of Scotland."

Now a happy concatenation of circumstances has brought before the Scottish people the opportunity of finishing today what their grandfathers initiated.

The National gallery has outgrown its building and many suggestions have been made, all more or less unsatisfactory, for its relocation. In the midst of discussion, debate and contest of idea, William Mitchell has proposed the delayed completion of the national monument which should become the future National gallery of Scotland. The notion has seized on the imagination of Edinburgh and of the whole country, and the town council is addressing an appeal to Scotsmen, not of the United Kingdom only, but of all the world, to aid liberally, in this noble scheme. The theobald of manufactures will contribute a substantial sum out of their funds still left to them by a voracious and none to scrupulous British treasury, may safely be counted upon. But the bulk of the money will undoubtedly be called for from Scottish pockets, and Scottish pride and Scottish pockets, and Scottish to do the rest. —London Graphic.

Mr. Dooley on Automobiles.

"Mr. Dooley" in his Dissertation, recently published by the Harpers, has a few delightful words on automobiles. "Do I think the automobile has come to stay? Sure, I'll never tell ye. I've seen all the world but me on roller skates. I've seen everybody ridin' a bicycle but me. Ten years ago, when ye're son was holdin' on to ye're arms as ye reeled up th' street on a wheel, sayin' ye're prayers was mynt an' th' reverse another, ye tol' me that th' bicycle had come to stay because it was nisy to get around quick. Today ye blush as I mention it. Th' automobile will stay till it gets clean enough to fly to the moon. When th' little, eager messenger boys is dashin' up th' street in a slightly horse-power Demon Terror th' rich will be flyin' kites or r-runnin' balloons, an' they'll be a parachute force of policemen to chase them across th' skies."

Volition and the Law of Fertility.

The breeder who to improve his stock must keep them in great comfort on abundance of food, finds his greatest difficulty in their tendency to sterility. Seeing that this law of fertility governs not only the animal but also the vegetable kingdom, may we not safely conclude that human volition has little to do with the birth rate, and also hold that the birth rate of a nation is inversely proportional to the wedding of its people?—Nineteenth Century.

Occasionally.

"Does the office ever seek the man?" "Occasionally," answered Senator Sorghum. "But when it does you will usually find that the salary attached to it is only nominal."—Washington Star.

A BANQUET TO THE POOR

Was Given By Rutland Citizens To-day

BIG CROWD WAS PRESENT

Those Served Came Largely from the Mountain Districts About Rutland —Banquet Followed by a Concert.

Rutland, Dec. 27.—The biggest charitable work of the year in Rutland was the annual Christmas dinner of the Rutland Humane society today to poor mountaineers and their children. The society had nearly 300 guests ranging from babies in their mothers' arms to grey haired men, in some cases whole families being entertained. For weeks committees of ladies have been making investigations so that only worthy people might be invited and the crowd that was assembled today was one to excite pity. In some cases the clothing of women and children hung in rags and some of the babies had only shawls wrapped around them but none went away that were not fitted out with a full suit of clothes.

Every guest was furnished free transportation to and from the city some coming as far as 16 miles. Castleton, West Rutland, Pittsford, Chittenden, Clarendon, Shrewsbury and Sherburne, the adjoining towns drawn upon. The trains were furnished by the farmers who put seats in racks in some cases and brought their less fortunate neighbors to Rutland where from 10 o'clock until 3 they made merry at the army of Company A, Vermont National Guard, in a way which few of them had ever dreamed of.

The first thing in order was a big dinner. There was a place for everybody at the table, big and little alike, and the menu included all the features of a Christmas dinner. To feed this assemblage of mountaineers, to most of whom a square meal is a rarity, it required 40 fowls, to make 50 chicken pies, 600 oranges, 20 pounds of coconuts, two bushels of potatoes, 100 dozen rolls, 50 cakes, 100 pounds of sugar, five gallons of milk, 20 pounds of butter, and 12 gallons of ice cream. The funds for all this was contributed by local citizens.

Following the dinner a concert was given in a hall adjoining the armory and before being loaded into the sleighs for the return trip the needy ones were given both underclothing and outer garments, most of which was donated. Besides this there were dozens of pairs of new mittens and stockings distributed.

NEW METHOD OF SELECTION.

This Man Wants a Wife Picked by a Committee.

Mount Pleasant, Ia., Dec. 27.—"I want a wife who has taken the domestic science course, and I want her chosen by a committee of stockmen, for I do not believe in love matches, but that a man should select a wife just as he would a Hereford, a Durham or a Duroc. Sylvester Jones of this city told at the session of the Southwestern Iowa Short Course in Agriculture yesterday. In a long speech he named three stockmen to judge of any girl from the domestic science class who would become a candidate. These judges are John R. Hughes, John C. Abraham and William A. Harshbarger. Jones has chosen the Rev. Frank Britton to tie the knot. He also wants marriage contract.

Such a method would ultimately do away with all divorces," he declared, "for judges would decide on the fitness of the couple for each other. Trial marriages are no good, in my opinion. They may be of some use if the old method of marrying is kept up, but with the disinterested judges such as I propose, all would be overcome."

TUNBRIDGE.

Mrs. W. A. Danforth returned from Norwich Saturday.

Miss Grace Farnham and Carrie Tucker are improving.

George Rollins and S. O. Ordway are each quite feeble.

Many are harvesting their ice crops the past and present weeks.

Several from town went to Randolph Saturday to do their Christmas shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Hayward of Lowell, Mass., are at H. R. Hayward's for a few days.

Miss Annie Howe of Mt. Vernon, Mass., is home for the holidays, also Miss Edna Sleeper.

Miss Theodora Folsom of Boston, Mass., is visiting at James L. Farnham's and other friends.

Christmas tree and exercises were held at N. Tunbridge Monday evening, and the Market Tuesday evening, beside many home and neighborhood gatherings.

Fred Hayward, of Randolph, has been with his brother, Dr. H. H. Hayward, the past week and has constructed a convenient storage for ice.

One most pleasing and successful Christmas tree party was at the home of Carleton Stevens on the Spring road. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Tuller, A. Whitney and family, J. M. Rowell and family, Mrs. Eliza Porter and Frank Jones. The grapevine furnished excellent entertainment and the tree bore seasonable fruit for all.

WEBSTERVILLE.

The Christmas tree was held in the Baptist church last night with a large attendance. The literary program was splendid, and much praise is due Miss Mabel Edwards for the pleasing manner in which her solo was sung.

Wherever there's Pain

There is the place for an

Alcock's PLASTER

The Standard External Remedy

Suppose Pneumonia
should get its grip on your child this winter?
No need to worry about that if you keep a can of Anti-Itis in the house, for
Anti-Itis Prevents Pneumonia!

Whenever your child has a cough, cold on the chest, sore throat, etc. (the beginnings of pneumonia), apply a thick coating of Anti-Itis to the throat and chest, cover well with cotton batting and bandage. Anti-Itis will draw out the soreness (inflammation) ease the pain and prevent pneumonia by curing the cold.

Anti-Itis, Inc., Danvers, Mass.
Anti-Itis is sold by druggists and grocers

A HARD YEAR FOR RAILWAYS.

Fines Paid Amounting to Many Thousands.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—The Tribune says: The year 1906 will long be remembered as one of great trials and tribulations for railways and railway officials that had broken the laws. Partaking of the local display by President Roosevelt and his administration in moving against the law breakers and further stimulated to action by direct orders from Attorney General Moody and even from the President himself, the various Federal district attorneys during the year have prosecuted more legal proceedings against railroads and their officials than ever before within an equal period in the history of the country. Most of these suits were brought for violations of the Elkins law, against giving or receiving rebates, and in most instances they were instituted not only against the railroads and their officials who gave the rebates, but also against the individuals or corporations that solicited or accepted them. In most instances, prosecutions were successful. The fines assessed aggregate many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Two men were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment under the Federal conspiracy law.

A REMARKABLE CHILD.

She Talks With Ease Though But Nine Months Old.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27.—Barbara Jacques is able to talk plainly, although but nine months old. Every word is distinctly understood and few are misplaced. Doctors declare her talking is marvellous. Barbara's linguistic ability was first noticed when she was 6 months old.

Upon being handed a watch the child will say without hesitation, "Tick-tick, watch." "Dere" stands for "here" and "car-car" for street car, but she says "beet," "girl," "boy," "bow-wow" and "hottie" correctly.

VANITY'S VISIONS.

Startling and Sensational Are Some of the Season's Hats.

Between the immense lambsale hat and the tiny morning toque a veritable chromatic scale of style and colors has been introduced, nothing being considered too startling or sensational to meet the occasion.

Irish blue blouses will continue in favor for wear with handsome suits.

The new linen collar and cuff sets are anything but manual. They indicate more than anything else woman's return to the frills and furbelows attributed to her sex.

The cut of the blouse is the essential point in its makeup. No matter how pretty the material is or how gracefully trimmed, it must be well cut to pass the critical eye of Mme. Mode.

Gray velvet passion flowers with bright orange fruit and foliage made



BROUSE GREEN GOWN.

a rather startling combination that wrenched the base of the crown of a large picture gray beaver hat. Another sensational combination was seen in a bronze silk hat closely tucked, decorated with two long shaded brouse and orange plumes and a knot of velvet in addition to a mass of tulle that covered the band.

A blue corduroy suit has a waistcoat of tan suede, with a rather long skirted jacket of the corduroy.

The gown illustrated is of bronze green serge. The double skirt and blouse bodice are trimmed with black soutache braid and macarons of silk.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Dorothy Dodd

\$4.00 & 3.50

As to Style

THE Style of the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe is proverbial. The time was when woman's feet were sacrificed to style. A stylish shoe was expected to be uncomfortable. But then came the "Dorothy Dodd" idea that Style should be one of the chief comforts in a woman's shoe. Simply by following Nature's lines of the feet, the "Dorothy Dodd" was made at once the most stylish as well as the most comfortable of shoes.

W. J. McLEAN,
200 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.